

HOME CIRCLE.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

High hopes that burn like stars sublime,
Go down the heart of Freedom!
And true hearts perish in the time
We bidden need them!

But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming;
Yet life beats in the silent bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming;
And Freedom's time comes up all way,
Thy' we must stand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Thro' all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry is heard,
And earth is wet with blood and tears;
But our weak suffering ends!
The low shall not forever away,
The many toll in sorrow;
The bars of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Thy' hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
Far, lo! the dawn bursts up the skies!
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Take heart! who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O, Youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal;
To many a haven of desire,
Our yearning one's a portal,
And though age wears by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Fall are twins; and aye
Joy runs the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

—Gerald Massey.

Taking a Vote.

As a train on the Lake Shore Road
Was coming into Detroit the other day
A long-haired man, who had been
Sleeping for two or three hours,
Suddenly awoke, rose up, and after
A yawn and a stretch he took his plug
Hat in his hand, held it out to one of
The passengers, and remarked:

"Less vote on Beecher."
"Oh, go to thunder!" growled the
man.

The tall man tore five or six leaves
from his memorandum book, wrote
"innocent" on some and "guilty" on
the others, and started down the aisle.
"Madam," he said as he approached
the nearest lady, "I'd like to have
you vote one of these tickets. Vote
just as your conscience dictates, ma-
dam."

She refused to vote, and he drop-
ped a ballot marked "innocent" into
the hat and passed to a man, who
overcome by the heat, had fallen
asleep.

"Here! you—what do you think of
Beecher?" he asked, shaking the
sleep.

"Gway from me or I'll mash the top
of your head down on to your collar-
bone!" yelled the aroused sleeper,
lifting his big red hat.

The ballot-box man passed to a boy
about ten years old and inquired:

"Bub, what do you think about
Beecher?"

"I dunno," replied the boy, "father
said he'd lick me if I said any thing
about it!"

A ballot of "guilty" was dropped in-
to the hat, and the man passed down
to a dreary-looking old chap who was
rolling a bit of plug tobacco under his
tongue.

"Well, old friend, what do you
think of Beecher?" was the inquiry.

The dreary chap got up, tossed his
quid out of the window, and calmly
took the canvasser by the throat and
jammed him over a seat and bit him
twice on the chin. It was all over be-
fore anybody could interfere, and as
he resumed his seat he looked back at
the canvasser, who, half-stunned, was
gazing around in the greatest astonish-
ment and remarked:

"I promised my dying wife I'd lick
the next man who said Beecher to
me, and now you keep away!"

The canvasser pushed his hat out
of his plug hat, borrowed a pin to
mend his coat collar, tied a wet hand-
kerchief around his throat, and sat
down and fell into such a train of
reflection that the peanut boy had to
speak to him four times over before he
was aroused. —Detroit Free Press.

The Baby's Weight.

Dr. Groussin, of Bellevue, has con-
trived a machine which he calls a *ber-
ceau-balance* or *peesebebe*, by means of
which the anxious young mother may
ascertain the weight of her child, or
even from hour to hour, that the baby is
gaining or losing weight. It consists of an
ordinary cradle, to suit the taste, fitted
with a balance underneath, which will
tell the exact weight of the cradle and
its contents, without any need for dis-
turbance of the child. It is said that after
two complete days of life a child
weighs about four ounces less than at
birth. When a week old, it will be of
the same weight as at birth. From
seven days to five months the average
increase should be three-quarters of an
ounce daily. At five months the weight
should be double that at birth. At
sixteen months the weight should be
double that at five months. Of
course, infants vary from time to time,
and each individual has a rule of its
own; the great point is that growth
ought to be constant.

A Walking Pincushion.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

A curious story is told of General C.
A. Evans, of Augusta, Ga. At the
battle of Monocacy, Md., while lead-
ing his brigade in battle, he was struck
in the left side by a minie ball. The
ball passed through his arm, and
thence through his body. In plowing
through his coat pocket it tore through
a paper of pins, burying some of them
in his flesh. For the past few months
he has been troubled with a pain
about a foot and a half from the
wound. A week or two since a bump
about as large as a pigeon egg was
raised on the spot where the pain was
most severe. A few days ago three or
four pins worked out of this bump,
and it disappeared at once. Thus, for
eleven years, Mr. Evans has been a
walking pincushion.

FROM GRAINGER COUNTY.

It Still Rains—Serious Accident—The
Steamer Harry Helm.

TAMMICO, TENN., Aug. 4, 1875.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

Farmers are having their wheat
threshed out as fast as possible. Every
man wants his wheat threshed first.
Although there are several machines
on this neighborhood, the work goes
on but slowly on account of the con-
tinued wet weather and the bad con-
dition of the wheat. Nearly all the
wheat is damaged more or less, and
some of it very badly.

A very unfortunate accident occur-
ed, yesterday, in connection with a
threshing machine. Mr. G. Smith's
in Jefferson county, Alex. McFar-
land, who was oiling the machine
while in motion, got his sleeve caught
in the machinery, and being unable
to get loose had his arm drawn down
between the cogs, and the skin and
flesh terribly torn and mangled and
one of the bones broken before the
machine could be stopped. A consul-
tation of physicians from Mossy Creek,
New Market and this place, unani-
mously decided that amputation was
the only remedy, and accordingly his
arm was taken off about 3 o'clock to-
day. Dr. Brantley, performing the
operation. I learn that only a few
days before this accident occurred a
Mr. Lewis, living near New Market,
had his clothes entirely torn off by
this same machine. I was told as an
actual fact that he had nothing left
on him but his shoes and shirt wrist-
bands. He was glad to get off that
well.

The weather has not been so hot for
a day or two, and the nights especially
are cool and pleasant. We still have
a little rain now and then, and those
prophets who have been foretelling dry
weather ever since last winter, have
come to the conclusion that they are
mistaken. Corn looks well where it
has been anything like cultivated, and
there will in all probability be an
abundant yield.

The trip of the Harry Helm last
week up the Holston was quite a won-
derful event to the inhabitants along
the river, many of whom had never
seen a steamboat before. A large crowd
of men, women and children gathered
at this place to see the great sight. I
was pleasantly surprised to find among
the passengers and crew several friends
and acquaintances. Capt. Parrot and
Messrs. Caldwell and daughters, of
Strawberry Plains, Mr. Pickle, the
clerk, and last but by no means least,
Zeke Weatherford. I am glad to learn
from the CHRONICLE that Zeke en-
joyed the trip. Tell him we have plenty
more twins. He didn't see near all of
them.

I hope we have not seen the last of
the Harry Helm, and that if it falls
to get back any more this summer, it
will make regular trips next winter
and spring. It is an enterprise which
deserves success, and hope it will be
successful. H. J.

The Dead Ex-Presidents.

It was mentioned in the notice of
the decease of ex-President Johnson
that he was the last of those who have
held the Presidential office except the
present incumbent. The Philadelphia
Ledger reminds us that this has not
been the case hitherto since the death
of Washington, who died during the
term of his successor, the elder Adams.
Through the whole of Jefferson's ad-
ministration Adams was living; dur-
ing Madison's eight years Adams and
Jefferson were alive, and during the
two terms of Monroe, Adams, Jeff-
erson and Madison survived. In the
second year of John Quincy Adams,
Jefferson and Adams both died, (July 4,
1823,) leaving Madison and Monroe
alive. During a part of Jackson's
terms there were three surviving ex-
Presidents—Madison, Monroe, and
Quincy Adams—but as Monroe died in
1831, and Madison in 1836, there was
but one of Jackson's predecessors alive
at the end of his second term. Under
Van Buren's administration Jackson
and Quincy Adams were the surviving
ex-Presidents, and both these, with
the addition of Van Buren, lived
through the terms of Harrison and
Tyler.

In the early months of Polk's ad-
ministration there were four living ex-
Presidents, but General Jackson's de-
cease, June 8, 1845, and that of John
Quincy Adams in 1848, left but two
survivors at the close of the term of
Mr. Polk. When Taylor was inaugu-
rated the survivors were Van Buren,
Tyler and Polk, but the decease of
Polk in June, 1849, again left but two
surviving ex-Presidents, and the
decease of two contained among the
living during the terms of Taylor and
Fillmore. During Pierce's adminis-
tration the living ex-Presidents were
Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore; and
during Buchanan's there were four,
viz., the three last named and General
Pierce. At the beginning of Lincoln's
administration there were five living ex-
Presidents, but two of these, Van
Buren and Tyler, died in 1862, leav-
ing three to survive until after Lin-
coln's own decease; one of whom,
Buchanan, died in 1868, but still leav-
ing Pierce and Fillmore until after the
decease of Johnson's term. At the com-
mencement of General Grant's ad-
ministration there were three surviv-
ors, but of these Pierce died in
October, 1869; Fillmore in March,
1873, and Johnson in July, 1875; thus
for the first time since Washington's
decease leaving no survivor among our
seventeen ex-Presidents.

A. T. Stewart Deals With Mrs.
O'Flanagan.

Mrs. O'Flanagan is said to be the
name of a lady who owned a piece of
the Congress street property at Saratoga
recently purchased by Mr. A. T.
Stewart, the merchant prince. They
are telling how she outwitted the
great merchant. Mrs. Stewart called
and offered her \$22,000 for her lot,
in his usual brusque yet business-like
way, and gave her till 4 o'clock to
accept his offer. "Shure, Mr. Stewart,
a brewer from Albany has offered me
\$33,000 for the property, and given me
as long as I want to think about it.
But I told him he could have it for
\$34,000 if he was back here by 3 o'clock.
It is now ten minutes to 3. Ye can
have it for \$35,000, if ye get back before
the brewer does." The thought of a
"brewery" in the neighborhood of the
Grand Union hotel did the business.
Mrs. Stewart closed with Mrs. O'Fla-
nagan on the spot.

A REMINISCENCE.

A Sketch From the Early History of
Ex-President Johnson.

It was away back in the dim vista
of about 1835, that the writer was a
student of Tusculum University, four
miles east of Greeneville, under the
management of that remarkable old
Scottishman, himself a mountain of
learning and piety, the Rev. Samuel
Doak. The school was patronized by
all upper East Tennessee, and in a
most flourishing condition, and, as all
good institutions of learning should
have, it had its polemic societies, in
which Andrew Johnson, then about
twenty-five years of age, occasionally
participated, frequently walking out
from town Friday evening, and spend-
ing the night with the boys after the
debate terminated. They in turn
called at his tailor's shop when he
returned to Greeneville. Here he
had a bookcase or bank of shelves on
the end of his counter, from which he
would frequently take down dictio-
naries and encyclopedias to support an
argument.

The writer very distinctly remem-
bers "Andy's" frequently allusions to
the above mountains in sight of his
burial mound. At that time it was
not unfrquent to make excursions
from the school amid this rugged, wild
scenery, in which the future President
often participated, being looked upon
as a great favorite and interesting com-
pany. And he always became animat-
ed and enthusiastic when speaking of
this romantic region, and taking much
pleasure to enlighten us in its botany,
geology, and minerals. These moun-
tains then appeared to be his favorite
theme for discussion and conversational
pastime.—Correspondence Nash.
Banner.

Those Pull-Back Dresses.

A Saratoga correspondent of the New
York Herald says about the "pull-
back dresses." This year the woman
is complete. She wears less clothes
than ever and has more covering, less
braided, but there is more glory in her
hair, no more height, but she is exalted;
more colors, but what is like her own?
We think we understand it—it is cur-
rency contraction, the stringent times
reinvigorating the species. Yet a very
tall woman by nature wear this sort of
dress at her peril. I suppose you
know it is called the Nepineen skirt.
Yesterday a tall female came into
the Grand Union dining-room with this
dress upon her. The twelve hundred
people then looked up and beheld in
the middle aisle an advancing Mary-
pole, a gorgeous sunflower, a visaged
beanpole. "De Lord ob light," said
Alexander, the insinuator, who waits
at the next table, "is dat one woman
or de family tree?" But the ladies,
scarcely smiling, observed to each
other, "Mary, what is my height?"

COMMERCIAL.

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

(CHRONICLE OFFICE.)

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Aug. 10, 1875.

There has been but little life in produce
during the week just closed, in fact, almost
everything has been dragging along at a
very moderate rate for several months, but
had it not been for the late rains, which great-
ly delayed the threshing of wheat and oat,
trade would have been much improved in
all lines long before this.

So far there has been but little choice
wheat offered in this market, but we are
sorry to say that the most of the samples
presented were sprouted or otherwise dam-
aged by the wet weather; at the same time,
we are aware of the fact that there is plenty
of good wheat in the country, but farmers
seem disposed to hold it back until they
shove off their damaged grades, which is
altogether wrong, for they are or should be
better prepared to dry or clean wheat than
any one else, besides, a great deal of such
wheat is not worth the cost of transporta-
tion. It seems that every other place has
had its excitement in wheat during the last
few weeks, except Knoxville. Just across
the mountains, in Middle Tennessee,
wheat ran up last week, as high as \$1.50
for prime white, but when the "storms"
will reach our market we are not prepared
to say, but a firmer feeling seems to exist,
and we are confident if a good lot of wheat
were offered it would bring higher figures
than we can quote to-day.

Oats are also arriving in a very wet and
bad condition, and we know of a few
small lots having been sold as low as 25c.
to persons who wished them for immedi-
ate use, for such oats, of course, could not
be sold to shippers at any price.

All other articles remain unchanged.

We quote:

WHEAT—Quiet; white \$1.00 a 1.05.

CORN—Firm; loose, 70c; sacked in
depot, 75a 76c.

LARD—Steady, 15a 16c.

OATS—New crop, 55a 56c.

LUCKY POTATOES—New crop, \$1.00
per bushel.

HAY—Fair demand, 80a 90c, baled.
Locust from wagons, 65a 75c per 100 lbs.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples, 8a 9c. Peaches,
8a 9c; halves, 9a 10c. Blackber-
ries, 7a 8c.

POULTRY—Dull and weak; country fowls,
buying, \$2.75 a 3.00; selling, 3.00 a 3.25; extra,
buying, \$2.50 a 2.75; selling, 2.75 a 3.00. Knoxville City Mills, "our standard
family," \$3.25; Pearl Mills family, \$3.10;
City Mills family, \$2.95; Pearl Mills extra,
\$2.70.

BACON—Dull with heavy stock on hand;
buying from wagons—hams, 12a 13c; clear
sides, 13a 14c; shoulders, 10c.

FEATHERS—Lower; prime, 45c; mixed,
25a 30c.

BUTTER—Fresh, 15a 16c.

EGGS—Dull and low, 6c.

IRAGUE—Cotton, 24a 25c.

BRESWAX—27a 28c per pound.

TORREO—Tennessee leaf, 6a 12c.

GINSENG—75a 80c.

SERRA SNAKE—In demand, 55a 60c.

YELLOW ROOT—Dull, 6c.

WOLF—Washed, 35a 40c per lb.

FURS—Out of season.

Knoxville Lumber Market.

Knoxville, Aug. 10.

Rough boards and scantling, \$12.00
30 60 per 1,000 feet.

Clear seasoned plank, \$20.00 a 25.00.

Dressed weather boarding, \$18.00 a 20.00.

Flooring, \$20.00 a 25.00.

Ceiling, \$25.00 a 30.00.

Black walnut, green, \$30.00 a 35.00; ses-
soned, \$24.00 a 30.00.

Oak posts sawed tapering, 20c each.

Rough cedar posts, 20 to 25c.

Tapered cedar posts, 30 to 40c.

Sawed laths per thousand, 3.00 a 3.50.

Sawed shingles, \$3.00 a 4.00.

Shaved shingles, \$3.50 a 4.00.

Wholesale Grocery Market.

Knoxville, Aug. 10.

Coffee, Family, \$4.00 a box.

Sugar, Prime to choice, \$2.25 a 2.50.

Hard sugar, \$1.25 a 1.50.

Soft sugar, \$1.00 a 1.25.

Yell. sugar, \$1.00 a 1.25.

Demarara, \$1.00 a 1.25.

N. O., \$1.00 a 1.25.

Syrups, Common, 50c a 60c.

Peas and choice, 60c a 70c.

Fancy, 70c a 1.25.

Tens, Imperial, \$2.00 a 2.50.

Superior, \$2.50 a 3.00.

Colony, \$2.00 a 2.50.

Reg. Breakfast, \$2.00 a 2.50.

Spices, Pepper, 25c a 30c.

Almonds, 50c a 60c.

Walnuts, 50c a 60c.

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